THE

POLITICAL MONITOR:

OR

REGENT'S FRIEND.

THE POLITICAL MONITOR,

OR

REGENT'S FRIEND.

BEING A

COLLECTION OF POEMS

PUBLISHED IN

ENGLAND

DURING THE

AGITATION OF THE REGENCY:

CONSISTING OF

CURIOUS, INTERESTING, SATYRICAL AND POLITICAL EFFUSIONS OF POETRY.

BY MRS. MARY O'BRIEN,
WIFE OF PATRICK O'BRIEN, ESQ. AND AUTHOR OF CHARLES HENLEY, IN 2 VOLS.

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M.DCC.XC.

TO THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF THE

IRISH PARLIAMENT,

Appointed to wait on his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, to request his Acceptance of the Regency of Ireland during his Majesty's Indisposition.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to entreat your patronage and protection of the following Poems, the production of a female; most of them written, with ardent zeal with however feeble a pen, in support of that noble cause dignified by your co-operation, and in opposition to those mean and suspicious measures adopted in another kingdom, that were so de-

servedly

ſervedly reprobated by the generous ſons of Ireland.

The event which called forth your interpoſition has, much to the joy of every loyal ſubject, paſſed away; but the principles to which it gave birth remain, and are nurtured with care by the hireling advocates of that ambitious miniſter, whoſe aſpiring hand had, on the melancholy occaſion, nearly ſubjugated to his pleaſure the whole executive power of the ſtate. At any future period, ſhould ſimilar endeavours be exerted to bind in fetters the Regent of the empire, there can be no doubt but that you will be equally ready, as formerly, and equally able to reſiſt their influence, and to deſtroy their operation.

The language of dedications is too commonly the language of flattery; but

your

your acknowledged virtues, your high and well eſtabliſhed characters, whilſt they would guard me from any ſuch ſuſpicion in expreſſing my ſenſe of your exalted worth, preclude the attempt from my conſcious inability of doing it juſtice. I have only to join with the millions of your countrymen, who look up to you as the guardians of their rights, and the protectors of their privileges, in wiſhing you all happineſs and honour.

And am,

With entire reſpect and deference,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient,

And humble Servant,

Mary O'Brien.

Dublin, Feb^r. 24, 1790.

POEMS.

PADDY's SALUTATION

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT.

NOW Billy, my dear,
Accept Teague's salutation,
For the care of the Prince,
And the good of the nation;

Not forgetting your wits,
When in council they sit,
To make a Prince Regent,
While you reign King Pitt.

Now had Richard and Noll,
In a ſcene of debating,
Attended your ſummons,
In Parliament ſtating:

Their wiſdom at once
Muſt give place and retire,
And ſtand at a diſtance
Your plans to admire.

In all their contrivings
They ne'er could have hit
On creating a Regent,
To reign under King Pitt.

When Marius and Sylla,
Thoſe chiefs of old ſtory,
Cram'd Romans like turkies,
To feed their own glory,

Made laws and gave titles;
They never had wit
To make ſuch a Regent
As our noble King Pitt.

Sure the fame of our Billy
No tongue can unravel—
He exceeds all the heroes
At home or on travel;

Old grandams unborn
  Shall in aftertimes ſing,
The glories and wiſdom
  Of Billy Pitt, King.

"Now," ſays Billy to Sawney,
  "Obſerve, my dear *creature*,
"The times are grown big,
  "Both in geſture and feature;"

"The whigs get a head,
  "By the gift of their gabble,
"Raiſe a tumult and rout
  "In the minds of the rabble.

"Suppoſe—'tis a maxim
  "Worth Cæſar's careſſing—
"Some friends in the north
  "Pay their court by addreſſing.

"My virtues you know,
  "With ſubmiſſion, may ſuit"—
"All the ends we can wiſh,"
  Replies Counſellor Bute.

"Aſſiſtance, my friend,
  "In a trial of right,
"Needs all we can muſter,
  "From demons of might."

"

" By my *ſhoul*, ſays myſelf,
" What needs all this ſpeaking;
" The Devil's moſt kind
" When his pupils are quaking.

" When my miſtreſs Hibernia
" Calls her ſons and her daughters,
" Oh then, my dear Billy,
" We'll beat up your quarters.

" By the beard of Bryan Boiroihm,
" We'll ſee who's moſt fit,
" To reign o'er Britania,
" Prince George or King Pitt."

PADDY's ADDRESS

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT,

ON HIS LATE SUCCESS IN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

NOW ſince all burn with ardour,
Like fire and fuel,
To light up your virtues,
Accept, my dear jewel,

My ſparks of affection,
That in pure adoration,
Blaze up like a forge,
In a clear conflagration.

At the head of a band now,
Like Falſtaff's led legions,
My link-boys and weavers,
From Lucifer's regions,

With

With torn coats and rent ſhirts,
  Obſerve my dear creature,
Make marks, and addreſs you
  In ſtark-naked nature.

All extolling your wiſdom,
  By way of digreſſion,
In Hibernian ſpeeches,
  Surpaſſing expreſſion,

Plead your innocence guilt,
  Free from malice or blunder,
Wrought up in high language,
  Attracts the world's wonder.

Your laws ſo expounded,
  And bound up in fetters,
Shew learning confounded
  With knowledge of letters.

Your mandates our members,
  With courteſy greeting,
Diſmiſſed without hearing,
  Laſt parliament meeting.

The Regent you form'd
  Our nation ſuppoſes,
Is a bond Prince of Egypt;
  A captive like Moſes.

Hibernia not caring
  Her ſons, or her daughters,
Should be rul'd by a Prince,
  That was dock'd at all quarters;

Without ſeeking to find out,
  Your quaint innuendoes,
Unbuckled his chains,
  And turn'd ſtrife out at windows.

Arrah ſure we'll allow,
  What ſignifies joking,
To ſcout out your bill
  Was a little provoking.

At a moment when fraud,
  On ambition's high tower,
Had enthron'd you, like Noll,
  In the kingdom of power;

When your fame too, on tip-toe,
  Aſſum'd his high ſtation,
And blazon'd your wits
  To a credulous nation:

Sure the old ſorry mare,
  That o'er human thought prances,
In conjunction with Pluto,
  Has made her advances;

Surly

Surly Fate ſtept between,
  With her uſual waddle,
And kindled allegiance
  In Hibernian's noddle.

Pox on her manœuvres;
  Miſchance, my dear Billy,
When rode by Ambition,
  Makes heroes look ſilly.

Be adviſed then by Teague,
  And if Honeſty greets you,
Make a league, leſt dame Falſhood
  Again ſhould defeat you.

THOUGHTS

ON A

MODERN PRODIGY.

As now when ſurly winter's rugged blaſts,
In whiſtling howls, move onward to the north,
Diſſolving ſnow, its chilling ſubſtance caſts,
The ravag'd vale aſſumes her native worth.

Lawns, fields and meadows now impregnate riſe,
Nurtur'd with ſhowers, from yon dropping cloud,
Nature's exuberant beauties face the ſkies,
And ſpring-tide warblers ſing their joy aloud.

View yon green ſappy twig, aſpiring cling,
With dwarfy branches to the oak incline;
In mimic ſplendour, now ambitious ſpring,
And ſpread its leaf around a princely ſhrine.

What means yon ſpectre that athwart mine eye,
In voice terrifick, ſtrikes th' abſtracted ear?
Forth from the boſom of yon duſky ſky,
In form gigantic, view the ſhade appear.

Deep rouſed, I ſee the ſhadow near the throne,
A ſacred terror now inverts my ſight,
His puny arm, ſtretch'd forth, attempts the crown;
Britons prepare to guard your Prince's right.

And art thou, trifler! of that ſacred band,
Rais'd by thy country far above thy ſphere;
Chief of thoſe rulers placed by Wiſdom's hand,
Who watch their country's rights with awful care?

Are theſe thy virtues ſung in boaſted ſtrain,
By brib'd adherents, to an artleſs throng?
In vice diſcordant, ceaſe vain fool to reign,
Britons may ſlumber, but will ne'er ſleep long.

Periſh thoſe menial arts, that baſely glow,
And raiſe a nation in conteſted broil.
Too oft a tyrant's ſchemes precipit flow,
And the fair police of a kingdom ſoil.

Think

Think not to mount on Falſehood's painted plumes,
The viſionary ſummit of Ambition's tower;
For ere thy imperious hope that ſtate aſſumes,
Virtue ſhall hurl thee from the ſeat of power.

Allegiance warms the honeſt patriot's breaſt:
Behold one foremoſt in the fair deſign;
His heart with truth and purity impreſt,
Around his brow the buds of virtue twine.

Up, guardian ſons, the noble Piercy calls,
Nor let the hero guard the paſs alone;
Who dares enſlave his Prince by Piercy falls;
His loyal arm protects the royal throne.

Thy noble anceſtors my muſe would ſing,
Proud to repeat thy valiant ſire's name;
No mean extraction hiſtory can bring,
To ſoil Northumberland's exalted fame.

VERSES

ON HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF LEINSTER,

AND THE REST OF THE RIGHT HON. THE

IRISH COMMITTEE.

ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

'TWAS eve when Phœbus drew his palid ray
O'er yon ſhagg'd rock—anon the twilight ſhade
Gather'd her ſable cloud o'er cloſing day,
And huſh'd each warbler in the woodland glade.

Around the veil the ſtarry legions ſhine,
And pour their luſtre on th' exalted eye;
When meditation, led by thoughts divine,
Beheld the blazing myriads in the ſky.

Wide

Wide o'er the brim that ſwells Hibernia's tide,
And ſpreads its banks along the craggy ſhore,
Around yon knotty point the rous'd ſeas ride,
Thro' rocks abrupt, in burſting thunders roar.

Now midnight gloom a drowſy ſilence kept,
And ſtill'd the meddling ſenſes of the day,
Misfortune's ſons, *from* diſappointment crept,
By Morpheus ſhielded, ſlept their cares away.

When, lo! a wide ſpread ſail her pinions bore
Thro' Neptune's rolling ſurge, diſdainful flew,
Plunging thro' mighty waves, arrives near ſhore,
Where freſh'ning ſprings the ſwelling tides renew.

What form is yon, that meets mine eye aſkance,
Whoſe high plum'd helmit marſhal traits diſplay?
The gliſt'ning ſhield, and highly poliſh'd lance,
Beſpeak the mighty Pallas on her way.

She comes—and mark from yon expanſe ariſe,
The purple beauties of the orient dawn;
Aurora burſting thro' the midnight guiſe
Hails her heroic gueſt with roſy morn.

Behold

Behold yon bark, that ſcorns the bluſt'ring
main,
Prepar'd to waſt Ierne's favour'd hoſt;
Allegiance heads the patriotic train,
And Pallas pilots them to Britain's coaſt.

Soft! let the patriotic band advance,
And view each grace, that round the heroes
twine;
Here Leinſter's virtues, with reflecting glance,
Grace the full ſplendors of a princely
line.

Next Charlemont, for whom Hibernians rear
The guardian ſtandard of their ſacred laws,
His nurſling heroes diſtant coaſts revere
For their bold triumph in their country's
cauſe.

O'Neal, the glory of an ancient race,
A faithful patriot in his country try'd,
Genius from him receives poetic grace,
A friend to merit and the muſe's pride.

Bold in the ſenate, and not leaſt in fame,
Head of the hoſpitable happy throng
Conolly, Ponſonby, and Stewart's name,
Adorn the numbers of heroic ſong.

As

As when the burſting gems of ſpring exhale,
And op'ning bloom beneath Sol's chearing ray;
Mark how they ſuck the ſummer's healthful gale,
And as the ſun beams riſe, their ſweets diſplay.

So Pallas, marching on Britannia's plain,
Preſents her heroes to their ſovereign's view:
Accept, great ſire, a loyal, virtuous train,
Who court no honours, ſave the love of you.

Long live, ſhe crys! and may exalted peace
Spread wide her olive branch around thy throne;
Rich in thy ſubjects love may envy ceaſe,
To ſoil the brilliant gems of George's crown.

And thou, great prince, whoſe ſoul delights to trace,
The mazy windings of inſtruction's cell,
Virtue for thee ſhall falſehood's plumes deface,
And wiſdom ever in *thy council* dwell.

Nor long ſhall laughter-loving graces twine,
Their garland beauties to enſnare thy mind;
Pallas ſhall lead thee to a glorious ſhrine,
And on thy brow eternal honours bind.

ON HIS

MAJESTY's RECOVERY.

ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

NOW from the dreary ſeat of winter's ſtore,
Great nature riſes with majeſtic care,
The whitening ſhow'rs congealed with froſt no more
Thro' the huſh'd air, in fleecy flakes appear.

Fair ſpring adorn'd with all her budding race
Sends forth her ſnow-drop, primroſe to our view;
The ruſſet branch ſhoots forth her new-born grace,
And daiſies vie to ſhine near violets blue.

While nature thus profuſely favours earth,
My muſe would fain a nobler note aſſume:
Man, the great work of heaven's ſuperior worth,
For whom terreſtrial joys inceſſant bloom.

Albion

Albion, all hail! whoſe ſons with thoughts ſublime,
Spread their ſcientific, brilliant arts around,
Rich in a temperate prolific clime,
Where all the luxuries of ſenſe abound.

Bleſt iſle, implanted by a hand divine,
Thy ſons of glory hiſt'ry proudly ſings;
Edwards and Henrys peculiar ſhine,
Nor laſt ingrafted, George, the beſt of kings.

Mild were his glories, peace her branches ſpread,
His heart ſincere and hoſpitably kind,
Virtue in uniſon her graces ſhed,
And ſocial friendſhip in a trio join'd.

Awhile beneath the gracious vine we grew,
Like opening leaves that catch the honey'd drop;
Wiſdom diſtill'd her meeken'd ſweets anew,
And juſtice gathered from the plenteous crop.

Thus for a ſeaſon in the cheriſh'd glade,
Ungrateful men in peaceful paſtures glow;
Fed on the bounty lent by heavenly aid,
Nor heed the ſource from whence thoſe bleſſings flow.

'Till from yon ſpacious temple of the ſky,
Omniſcience views the gay luxurious feaſt;
And while deſtructive pleaſures feed man's eye
Behold the black'ning cloud low'rs from the eaſt.

Ah! ceaſe ye vapouring miſts t' obſcure yon pine,
Whoſe royal branches form a covert round;
A favour'd race, enrich'd by heaven's deſign
On the parental ſtock of love are found.

When now a voice from yon expanſe breaks forth
And bids me calm the buſy cares of ſenſe;
Your monarch lives, but to enhance his worth
His aid's withdrawn, for guilty man's offence.

Hence, a ſhort ſeaſon ſhall the mid-ſun gleam,
And parch the ſtem that bears the rip'ning fruit,
Yet on the earth the nurſling ſap unſeen,
Gathers the liquid balm around the root.

So ſhall our ſov'reign in autumnal ray,
Bloom forth unſullied from the blighting ſtorm;
Shielded by him, the glorious ſource of day,
Again with ardour Britain's boſom warm.

THE FREEDOM OF JOHN BULL.

As poets write, and painters tell,
In form ſome heads are like a well;
Round as ſcoop'd pumpkins in the hull,
Fat brains, thick ſinews form a ſkull,
With every wit ſo near a kin,
You'd ſwear, if ſwearing was no ſin,
Genius was in a *fog* within.
A face! for ſo the ſtories run,
Reſembling much a mid-day ſun;
Broad chin, plump cheeks aſcending riſe,
Sinking the twinkling of two eyes:
Such Jackey Bull, ſo ſoft and mellow
He's a mere woolſack of a fellow.
With belly not unlike a butt,
Behold him oft in elbow ſtrut,

Diſcourſing on Britannia's laws,
A counſellor in freedom's cauſe;
As Bacchus on a barrel rides
So he on liberty beſtrides,
Trotting with hobby horſe's motion
To mount the cliffs of mother ocean.
Firm on a rock, a Briton born,
A foreign coaſt he views with ſcorn;
There 'tween roaſt beef and porter hung,
Each ſenſe ſuſpended, but the tongue,
Free 'midſt a load of ills he reigns,
Tax'd at all points except his brains.
Were Billy Pitt but to propoſe,
A tax on breathing thro' the noſe,
Compliant to the youth's intent,
He'd ſnuffle freedom in his ſcent;
So proud of his politic fate,
He'd boaſt tho' ſinking with the weight,
Thus Billy, happily befriended,
Patches that fame but laſt year mended;
As prudes in thread-bare eſtimation,
Clout up their worn out reputation,

PADDY's OPINION.

AN

IRISH BALLAD.

SINCE your fame, my dear Billy,
Is burn'd to a ſnuff,
And your wiſdom looks ſilly,
For want of a puff;

Now, inſtead of a better,
Take me for your minion,
Without law or letter,
I'll ſtate my opinion:

And to ſtrengthen my caſe too,
Thro' the maze of my journey,
By my *ſhoul* I'll take Fraud
To be my Attorney;

And

And juſt to a hair too,
  So keen is my wit,
Without ſtudy or reas'ning
  The ſubject I've hit.

Thus ſtands my brief now,
  Of ev'ry gay light,
That ſhines by the day,
  Or burns by the night,

From the bright fiery beam,
  That gilds up your windows,
To the fat greaſy taper,
  That's burning within doors;

All receive without murmur,
  In humble devotion,
(Except the late titles
  Made by your promotion,)

Without any cavil,
  The *badge* of taxation;
In compliment civil
  It's worn thro' the nation.

Since then, haughty Sol,
  But darts in his flaſhes
Thro' the caſement, my jewel,
  Of your ſilver ſaſhes:

Ergo,

Ergo, the argument
  Sure will hold good,
All light, my dear joy,
  Of coal, greaſe, or wood,

From hay or from ſtraw,
  From rush or from thatch;
Or ſpark that rekindles
  The ſulphur of match,

Or vapour that tends
  By its light to illume
A crevice or cobweb,
  That hangs in a room.

For light is a Critic
  No Premier can ſhun;
Your wit ſhines the brighter
  By taxing the ſun.

Arrah, who then can blame you,
  By way of a joke,
To tax, without ſcruple,
  Tobacco and ſmoke.

But beware now, dear *crature*,
  Since wiſdom may fail ye,
To ſmoke out our brains,
  In the land of Shillelah;

Leſt Hibernia's high notions
To anger ſhould riſe,
And ſmoke out your taxes,
And blaſt your exciſe.

Arrah, then, my dear Billy,
It might prove in the pull,
Paddy's not quite ſo ſilly
As your Jacky Bull.

O D E

FOR THE

PRINCE OF WALES's BIRTH DAY.

NOW nature bears imperial ſway,
O'er earth enrob'd profuſely gay;
Her ſwelling fruits, her golden wheat,
The joyful ruſtic's wiſhes meet,
  Replete with harveſt mirth.
Great prince, in midſt of all her pride,
As th' bridegroom uſhers in his bride,
  Pomona hails thy birth.

Ambitious of the royal theme,
Now Fancy ſeems to riſe ſupreme,
Soaring to heaven's majeſtic height,
Gains power prophetic in her flight:
  And now the fair deſcends
Freighted with celeſtial truth,
Addreſſes thus the royal youth
  While Liberty attends:

" In thee, O prince, we Britons own,
" Thoſe virtues that adorn a throne,
" Bold, gen'rous, gracefully refin'd,
" Mercy and truth united find
" A ſeat within thy breaſt;
" Judgment ſuperior to thy years
" In wiſdom's ſable veſt appears,
" To blazon round thy creſt.

" As autumn gathers in her ſtore
" From all the ſeaſons gone before;
" Her fruits to full perfection run
" Ripen'd by meridian ſun,
" Maturer ſweets diſplay,
" So ſhall the riſing hero ſmile,
" In glory on his native iſle
" And ripen into day.

" Wiſdom ſhall then aſſume her power,
" And crop the weeds from virtue's flower,
" While ſweet benevolence ſhall ſhed
" Her meek-ey'd ſplendor round his head
" Like rays of bluſhing morn.
" Juſtice in her mildeſt ſphere
" Shall govern each ſucceeding year,
" And all his acts adorn."

O D E

ON THE

BIRTH DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

NOW as autumnal beauties fade,
A chilling breeze the nights invade;
The misty morn, the short-liv'd day,
Proclaim September on her way,
While suns declining shine;
Come jovial on ye peasant train,
And sow the rich substantial grain
O'er earth's prolific mine.

The lusty ox with furrow'd brow,
Laborious drags the heavy plough;
In untaught strains o'er distant hills,
The rustic's whistling echo thrills,
A harsh unmeaning sound;
The wither'd leaf of faded green,
Slow drooping from the branch is seen
Extended o'er the ground.

Now deſcending from her bower
Plenty in a golden ſhow'r,
O'er the harrow'd fertile ground,
Scatters her lib'ral gifts around,
  A rich encreaſing ſtore;
Nature ſmiling from her ſeat
Steps forth the bounteous maid to greet,
  And yet her aids implore.

While thus prepar'd for future ſpring
Earth big with pregnant joys I ſing,
The muſe ambitious of the lay,
Preſumes to hail the happy day
  That gave Charlotta birth;
Adorn'd with an angelic ſmile
She comes to grace Britannia's iſle,
  A maid of royal worth.

Perfect from Nature's hand ariſen,
A model picture, drawn from Heaven,
Warm in her cheek, the bluſh of health
Diffus'd its vivid bloom by ſtealth,
  And fluſh'd in modeſt hue;
Her ſoul, where elegance refin'd
Spread genuine beauties o'er her mind,
  To full perfection grew.

Now as the warbling ſpring appears,
Reviving with her youthful years,

Come

Come Pallas, on thy Eagle's wing,
And, with inſtructive Wiſdom, bring
  Virtue's illuſtrious guide,
Fair Truth, ennobled by thy care,
To ſhed her influence o'er the fair
  With elevated pride.

See, ſee, the inſpiration's caught;
The goddeſs dwells in ev'ry thought;
Above the maſs of low deſires,
The royal fair to Heav'n aſpires,
  And gains the ſtarry height:
Now Science bends to Virtue's ear,
While Reaſon in her placid ſphere
  Points out the rule of right.

A

PASTORAL ODE

ON

HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF RUTLAND.

WINTER withdraws her misty veil,
Returning spring the swains regale,
And Flora takes her seat;
The trees assume their native green,
Verdure in all its pride is seen
Where lowing cattle bleat.

The leafy buds uprear their head,
Around the pregnant branches spread,
With feather'd crouds beset:
The tuneful robins chirrup note,
Invokes the chearful martins vote,
And soon the tribes are met.

The warblers at the break of day,
In clusters seize the fav'rite spray,

And

And rouze the village train ;
The herdſmen riſe to 'tend their ſheep,
The watch-dog, near the lambkins keep,
Stretch'd by the ruſtic ſwain.

The hills and dales with ſweets impreſt,
In nature's bluſhing garments dreſt,
Where lowing oxen feed ;
The cowſlip bloſſoms on the hills,
The violet near the purling rills
Adorns the paſt'ral meed.

In riſing grandeur Sol uprears,
From watery horizon appears,
In gradual ſplendor reigns ;
The ſhepherd's by the cooling brook,
His flocks directed by his crook,
That ſpatiate o'er the plains.

The blooming nymphs in rural eaſe,
Their different occupations ſeize,
And raiſe the ruſtic ſong.
The cows to Dolly's milk-pails yield,
While Patty trips acroſs the field,
Amidſt the bleating throng.

'Twas April month when lillies riſe,
Refreſh'd with ſhowers from the ſkies,

Nurtur'd

Nurtur'd by heavenly dew;
When majesty in splendid ray,
Appear'd in all the bloom of May
Unrival'd to our view.

Aspiring crouds repair to meet,
Surpriz'd in extacy they greet,
Their vice-angelic queen;
Aw'd by the dignity of birth,
They gaze at her superior worth,
And praise her courtly mein.

The trumpets sound the drum at arms,
Conducts the fair, in all her charms,
A goddess to her sire;
The cherub cupids sound her fame,
The virgin nymphs her charms proclaim,
While gaping swains admire.

Around the royal chair of state
The Graces at her beck await,
While lesser beauties fade;
As Sol, when at meridian day,
O'er lesser orbs his beams displays,
And hides them in his shade.

Hail! hail the fam'd illustrious line,
Where great Argyles with Granby's shine;

All hail the high-born pair;
The cherub race, the hero's joy,
Each ſmiling dimpl'd blooming boy,
Deſcendants of the fair.

Returning ſpring, in rural ſtate,
Hail RUTLAND and his beauteous mate,
And crown their nuptial hour;
The guardian deity defends,
And fortune dreſt in ſmiles attends,
The conſecrated bower.

ADDRESSED TO

HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

DESCEND, my muſe, indulge my fond deſire,
With ev'ry artleſs grace my verſe inſpire,
Smooth the harſh numbers of pure Nature's lays,
While Devon's virtues I attempt to praiſe.

When an enchanting form to virtue join'd,
Preſents a mortal with an angel's mind,
Emblem of innocence, and native truth,
In the gay ſeaſon of meridian youth;
What theme with virtuous beauty can compare?
What ſubject more deſerving than the fair;
To paint the ſoften'd feelings of the heart,
And Angel's virtues to the world impart?
Such Devonſhire's Dutcheſs, in whom worth is ſeen,
Diffuſing grandeur round her noble mein,
Munificence ſhining forth in ev'ry grace,
Brightens the blaze of virtue in her face.

As the thick mists around the skies dispersе,
When day-light darts upon the universe,
When Sol's bright beams the grey-ey'd Heav'ns adorn,
And op'ning clouds receive the blushing morn;
Forth from the chambers of the east he breaks,
And to the sinking west his journey takes,
Thro' ev'ry clime his beams transcendant play,
And the dark hemisphere bursts into day.

So round the emanations of her soul
The sun of charity delights to roll;
Her soft humanity each object chears,
While meek-ey'd pity in her face appears.
Majestic picture of a soul divine,
Where glories beaming from an angel shine.

View this fair picture, ye that vanquish'd stand,
Ye that were once the pride of Briton's land,
Ere female vice produced the public scorn,
When heavenly virtues did the fair adorn:
Then the sweet sex appear'd in honors view
Mortals deserving adoration due.

But now in pity let me mourn their fate,
Hurl'd from the summit of that blissful state;

In

In wanton pleaſures drown'd, each fallen prize,
Drops like a ſtar that falls, no more to riſe.
The contraſt ſickens in reflection's eye,
Reaſon on moral themes becomes a ſpy,
Each moving inſect, judgment ſeems to ſcan,
And wiſdom weighs the origin of man.

LINES

ON A

BISHOP.

DESCEND my muſe in ſable dreſs,
While I ſome ſentiments expreſs.
A ſacred biſhop, won'drous thing!
Is now the theme I wiſh to ſing.
In yon great ſquare, near to the centre,
At two great folding doors you enter,
Two lofty pillars in the hall,
Attendants and dependants call.
Pillars of faith, where hope debating
With lean neceſſity ſtand waiting,
Perchance to catch from holy ſee
A ſmile, while pompous phariſee,
Proudly beholds, a clean waſh'd band,
Soliciting with cap in hand,
A curacy, of ſmall account,
From ten to thirty pounds amount,

To

To all of which, theſe words are uſed,
" His lordſhip begs to be excuſed."
From whence aroſe, from weſt or eaſt,
This godly and right reverend prieſt?
York gave him birth, truth ſays no place
To breed a charitable race,
Oft to the clergy, ſuch the loſs is,
It breeds a better race of horſes.
Now char'ty hideth many a ſin,
But ſhe and P—r—s are no kin.
How then, where no ſuch bleſſing's given,
Can P—r—s find his way to heaven,
How! why the poet miſconceives,
All ſins are hidden in *lawn ſleeves*,
Religion on his threſhold borders,
It is a farce in holy orders,
A ſtand where reverends alight,
'Till they like debtors are waſh'd white.
Now at the rate that biſhops go,
Intereſt plants and precepts ſow;
In what a bleſſed ſtate the church is,
Where ſuch a pious patron lurches?
This ſatire only is intended,
To ſhew that biſhops may be mended.

O D E

T O

M I L T O N.

ADDRESSED TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAIL, happy bard! with glorious thoughts inſpir'd!
Immortal themes thy lofty judgment fir'd,
Thy ſoul with ſweet celeſtial ſtrains was won,
While ſecret powers led thy fancy on;
In tuneful bands cherubs around thee hung,
And lent new graces as the poet ſung.

Oh thou, poetic prince of graceful eaſe,
Whoſe ſeraph notes ev'n ſavage minds can pleaſe;
In the ſmooth numbers of thy verſe we ſtray,
Thro' ſable mazes to eternal day;

Where on the rosy beams of bliss we soar,
And the sweet plains of paradise explore.

Still as we read, our sense is more refin'd,
A glow of rapture animates the mind,
Impress'd with beauties rising to our view,
With eager haste the pleasing tracks pursue.
First of thy race that trod the hallow'd ground,
And gain'd the top of Sion's sacred mound,
Or dar'd with soul sublime attempt the lyre,
Light by the mystic torch of gospel fire.

Had the Almighty king, enthron'd in state,
Reveal'd the hidden mysteries of fate;
Unfurl'd the clouds, unveil'd th' expanded sky,
And stood confess'd a god to mortals eye:
Descending deign'd, in voice celestial rare,
The wond'rous story of the fallen pair,
A secret long to angels knowledge given,
Lock'd in the bosoms of the blest in heaven;
In Milton's phrase, the sov'reign Lord of Grace,
Had taught the sacred facts to human race.

No more shall Pagan poetry decoy,
Our riper judgment to the feats of Troy.
To Greece and Rome such mortal themes belong;
More perfect truths beam forth in Milton's song.

How

How poor that painter's ſkill, how unrefin'd,
Who drew the meditating poet blind!
His thoughts beyond weak nature ne'er aſpir'd;
He knew not Milton's light to Heav'n retir'd!

As round the world the lamp of Phœbus plays,
In diff'rent quarters darts refulgent rays,
To eaſtern climes he moves in awful plight,
And burſts in floods of glory on their ſight;
So Milton's orbs, eclips'd to human eye,
Blaz'd in meridian flame beyond the ſky;
His lamps of light in higher regions burn'd,
From earthly ſparks to heav'nly glory turn'd!

F I N I S.